

DAILY PEOPLE

VOL. 12, NO. 361.

NEW YORK, TUESDAY, JUNE 25, 1912.

ONE CENT.

EDITORIAL

TR-RR-RATAPLAM-PLAM-PLAM.

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THE more impatient plutocratic Interests who care not to stop at the half-way station of Oligarchy, at which the Plutocratic Interests, gathered around Taft, prefer to rest for a spell, have pushed forward to the station of Monarchy, or Dictatorship, or Caesarism.

The military nature and purpose of the move is obvious.

The movement, that has culminated with the Colonel's nomination, throbs with the throb of the war drum—

Plam! Rataplam-plam-plam!

As expressed in the platform of the Socialist Labor Party, the Plutocracy of the land is breaking through its republic-democratic shell, and is stretching out its hand toward Absolutism.

Tr-rr-rataplam.

As expressed in the platform of the Socialist Labor Party, the economic or industrial evolution has reached that point where the Political State no longer can maintain itself under the forms of democracy. The fact is revealed by the conduct and the posture of the leading representatives of the Ruling Class. They are at one in realizing that democracy has seen its day, if their rule is to continue. The Taft-Roosevelt split points to no disagreement—on that point. On the contrary, the split underscores agreement. It points only to differences of method. The Roosevelt method is a short-cut to the military dictatorship.

Plam-plam-rataplam!

Caesars ever have to settle accounts with their fellows, in their own camp, first. First must the Pompeys' heads come off.

“If they want the sword, they shall have it?” cried Roosevelt in Chicago.

Tr-r-r-plam!

“Fight 'em! Fight 'em! Eat 'em alive!” he ordered his Antonys.

Plam-plam-plam! Rata-plam!

The chaplet is the “property” of the Caesars. They seize it. “By fraudulent vote Col. Roosevelt has been robbed of what was HIS,” declared Gov. Johnson.

Rata-plam; rata-plam!

Jeers, hisses, taunts greeted every mention of Taft’s name at the Republican convention. Jeers, hisses and taunts are certainly well merited by him against whom they were directed, did the jeers, hisses and taunts proceed from the Labor and Socialist forces of the land in revolt against the present head and symbol of economic, hence, also of political despotism, whose Pompey forces are training for completer despotism on the economic and the political field. The jeers, hisses, taunts at the convention were not, however, the forerunning whizzes of the refreshing Storm of Revolution, breathed by the oppressed of to-day; they were the fore-running whizzes of the Storm of Reaction, breathed by one set of oppressors against another—the Caesarists against the Pompeyans.

R-r-r-r-um! R-r-r-r-um! Plam, rata-plam!

Nor did the Caesarists stop at inarticulate sounds. They intonated, typically, the chant: “There’ll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night.”

T-r-r-plam!

And the Colonel himself gave the password: “The fight is on, and we will go through with it.”

Plam-plam-plam! Plam-rata-plam-plam-plam!

* * *

When the gladiators were turned into the circus of Rome they marched up before the seat occupied by the Caesar and sang: “Hail to thee, Caesar, we who are about to die greet thee!” History repeats itself—but not as a parrot. From century to century the repetition is adapted to the changing conditions. The Caesar of to-day is recognized as a fact. Him too we greet. But in greeting him in the 20th century atmosphere, the surging battalions of Socialism announce: “We who are about to triumph are glad to see thee, the last sample of your tribe, as we struggle, in the final struggle for the Rights of Man.

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Uploaded August 2013

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